

I.
The rigid winter was a plum
That yielded to the plumber
Undoubtedly a tidy sum
To tide him over the summer.

II.
When ice is cheap, then things are nice
We think he is a nice man.
But when the price is high for ice,
We all bemoan the iceman.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

Old Fort Badwin consisted of a row of squat, one-story adobe houses, built in the Mexican style, which were the quarters of the officers, and a similar, though somewhat differently arranged line of buildings extending at a right angle from the end of the officers' quarters, that comprised the barracks occupied by the three companies of infantry and one troop of cavalry which made up the garrison. The storerooms, stables, corrals, etc., completed all there was of Fort Badwin. It was a sun-baked slope extending toward the Gila, three miles away, but along a pretty stream, a redeeming feature, having its source in the springs at the base of the mountain which formed the background. The landscape was still farther relieved by the extending lines of cottonwood and mesquite trees which bordered the little stream, called by the Indians, the "Shus-be-to," or Bear's water. Around this "post" the Apaches were everywhere, even stealthily crawling inside the line of sentinels at night, or shooting their arrows at the sentinels as he walked his lonely beat. On one dark night they watched the guard at the cattle corral, and during his short absence from a selected spot, by an adroit use of their rawhide lariats succeeded in dragging several of the smaller animals through an opening they had forced between the logs without discovery, whereas a soldier next morning rhymed:

Let the poor Indian, with untutored mind,
Find calves in the corral, and chokes off their wind.

In the year which followed the close of the war of the rebellion to Fort Badwin had come Capt. Sigourney, with his bride and his cavalry troop. Gentle Mary Sigourney was a minister's daughter, who in the far away New England town had joined her life with that of the brave young Captain, that hero for whom she had forsaken home and kindred, to share with him the wild, unknown life on the frontier. The fair, girlish form seemed strangely out of keeping with the rude surroundings, but she was content.

Barely were the soldiers given time to occupy their quarters after the weary march across the sand deserts. It was Indians! everywhere and at all times. Captain Sigourney, the ideal of an American cavalry officer, was almost constantly in the saddle, his form a tower of physical and moral strength. His rough-riding troopers were already a terror to the neighboring bands of Apaches, who felt that their strongholds and mountain fastnesses were no longer places from which they might defy the troops of the Government.

It was Sunday afternoon. The October sun shone brightly as stable call was sounded at Badwin; but, instead of "answering the call," both officers and men had collected in groups about the flagstaff, intent upon a strange something which had attracted their attention. Even the few members of the officers' families were there, in a little knot, but slightly removed, and the eyes of all were riveted on a common object.

life. Quickly flashed the saure, alternating the thrusts of the lance dexterously parried by the practiced trooper, while from the tightly drawn bows too surely flew the murderous flint-pointed arrows of the Apaches. Here in the dust they rolled side by side, the unhorsed trooper and his wily foe. Then on foot they fought, with carbine, with pistol, or still with lance and sabre, with the ferocity of war, and for self-preservation, this unto the death.

Riderless dashed the frightened ponies of the Indians and the larger horses of the soldiers, with nostrils wide apart, wildly snorting into the thickest of the fight; then as some faithful brute received his death wound, sounded that cry of equine terror which told the scenes of carnage where destiny has often led humanity. There was no quarter; to fall was almost certain death. Quickly was the ground strewn with the bodies of those who but now sought each other's lives; together, silently and peacefully, lay the white man and the Indian in the arms of death.

All this passed in almost the space of time it takes to tell it, and the opposing forces have passed "through each other." On the other side the trumpeter had already sounded the "rally." Quickly did the Captain assemble the remainder of his men to renew the charge, but the Indians did not wait, it was not their method. The Apaches seemed almost to vanish, so rapidly did they gain the cover of the trees and rocks bordering the stream at a point above the post.

While the cavalry was charging the Indians on the open plain to the right, their infantry companions had not remained idle. As troops had moved out to meet the cavalry, there had come from the concealment afforded by the rocks and mesquite trees above and in the rear, another band of Indians dismounted. There was even a larger number than that with Cochise, and was led by a powerful savage, second only to Cochise himself. Hitherto their presence had not been discovered, and had the first party not been beaten off, it was their apparent purpose to form a junction inside the post, where a general massacre would have been the sequence.

The approach of these Indians was only discovered by the Major who commanded the infantry in time to enable him to move his men at a rapid gallop to a place in the rear of the line of officers' quarters. Directly behind each of these quarters had been built a "dugout," a kind of outside cellar, such as is used in warm climates to keep the family stores; these were a few feet below the level of the ground, the logs forming roofs covered with earth. Into these were now unceremoniously hurried the families of the officers and soldiers composing the garrison. It was just possible to do this and reach a point beyond, probably one hundred yards when the attack began.

The quiet was broken by the fierce whoop of the Apaches, which, once heard, can never be forgotten. The gaudily painted and ochered savages, bare to the waist and clad only in breech-cloth and moccasins, came on at rapid run, in a thin, scattering line, extending far to the right and left. To throw out a skirmish line was the work of moments, when the steady fire of the disciplined soldiers checked the rapid advance of the Indians, causing them to waver slightly. Quickly pushing them again to shelter. But now there came from the Apaches a deafening yell, the significance of which the soldiers knew well. Cochise had come!

When Captain Sigourney saw that Cochise had gone, he for the first time heard the firing in the post. Moving his troop at a gallop, he quickly passed over the ground of his recent charge and reached the remainder of the command.

DANCING TO THE STATION.

Public Opinion Was With Him, but It Was No Go.

Yesterday forenoon a hand organ man stopped the wheels on which his music was mounted in South street, near the Pavonia ferry, and started off with the lively air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." He hadn't ground out over a dozen bars with a small man with a new straw hat on his head and legs, stepped but from the crowd, hat down and began to shuffle.

"Here, you quit that!" called a policeman, as the crowd began to laugh. "No law agit dancing in this state of New York, and I know it!" cried the man. "First two couple forward and back! Forward again and back! Next two couple forward and back! Next forward!"

"You must stop!" interrupted the officer. "All balance to partners! Partners swing! Swing with the gal and you! Hi! Whoop! Hoe'er down, but other." On the other side the trumpeter had already sounded the "rally." Quickly did the Captain assemble the remainder of his men to renew the charge, but the Indians did not wait, it was not their method. The Apaches seemed almost to vanish, so rapidly did they gain the cover of the trees and rocks bordering the stream at a point above the post.

All Well That Ends Well.

The "intelligent compositor" does not often perpetrate a more beneficial blunder than was committed in Brooklyn the other day, the outcome of which was the reconciliation of a husband and wife who had become seriously estranged. After a man betook himself to a newspaper office, where he wrote an advertisement stating that he would not be responsible for his wife's debts. Desiring two insertions of it, he wrote over it, "For two days."

When the "ad." appeared it announced that for two days only he would not be responsible as aforesaid. The wife saw it of course, and was so greatly struck by its comical aspect that she forthwith sought her irate husband, and in a short time they peacefully buried the hatchet. All on account of a printer's stupid mistake. Truly he builded better than he knew, and was instrumental in causing the wrath of man to eventuate in domestic harmony.—New York Tribune.

What It Meant.



Chased by a Bullet.

It was in a well known hotel in Bangor. A party of gentlemen were conversing on one subject and another. During a lull in the conversation one gentleman noticed a scar on the hand of another, and interrogated him as to the cause. The other answered that he received it in a very curious way, and told the following story in regard to it:

I got that wound in the battle of Gettysburg. I had been fighting all day and felt very tired, and so sat down on a rock and shot from there. I was just loading up my gun when a long, lean, lank fellow darted by me, making for the woods like a streak of greased lightning. I up with my gun and let drive at him, but he didn't drop, and as I had shot just 999 and didn't want to lose the thousandth, I started after him.

I never saw a man run so fast in all my adventurous life, and I could see that I was gaining upon him, but every once in a while I lost sight of him behind a tree or rock. I noticed a lull in the fight, and glancing aside I saw that both armies had stopped fighting and were straining their eyes to see the race.

That raised my courage, and I forgot all about being tired. Just then I made a spurt of speed, and as I did so I felt something strike my hand which spread out like the fan of a windmill.

Well, to make a long story short, I caught up with him and was about to collar him when he turned about and tried to stab me. I dodged his blow, and just then something hit him and he fell over dead. I sat down beside him to rest, and as I did so noticed blood trickling down my hand. On closer investigation I found that there was a bullet hole in the palm. The dead man had a bullet hole in his breast, and I am positive in my belief that both wounds were made by the same bullet, and that it was the same bullet that I had fired at the Confederate. The race was so hot that I caught up with and passed it at some time during my chase. That is why I now wear that scar.—Bangor News.

He Could Sympathize.

I was walking along a street given over to the smallest of shops and almost the cheapest of restaurants, when I met a good looking ten-year-old boy in shabby, respectable clothes.

It was autumn, and I carried a bunch of flaming, splendid maple leaves. He stopped, as if the sight of them really took his breath away.

"Oh, give me one," he gently exclaimed, in a manner that was more than polite. It lifted our interview straightway into some rare, superhuman atmosphere, where perfect simplicity became a matter of course. Unfortunately this was not so becoming to me as to him.

I said, "Oh, I hate to!" but at the same time I began looking for the meanest little leaf I could find. When I had discovered and was presenting it, shame overcame me, and torn with conflicting emotions, I said:

"I know I'm being horribly stingy." "Never mind," said my boy, in a big, masculine, comforting manner. "I

smiled his thanks reassuringly, and parted never to meet again. I de- I could write a sad little poem at it this minute.—Atlantic Monthly.

Man Must Have a Cook.

Man always needs a cook. A college professor, bereft of his wife, who had done his housework for years, engaged a cook at greater wages than had been the allowance he gave his wife. He bargained for punctuality. "I must have my dinner at 12," he stated. "I can't get it ready till 1 o'clock," she answered. He yielded and changed the hour of his college recitation. The next week she demanded a new stove, as the old one was too low. "It costs too much," he expostulated. "I can't afford to hurt my back," she replied.

He knew it was not so easy to find another good cook, and bought the stove. A week later she desired him to send for the carpenter that the back staircase might be changed. Then he dismissed her and became a boarder. Which was the cheaper thing to do?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Emmett's Presence of Mind.

A story is told of Robert Emmet which proved his secretive power and resolution. He was fond of studying chemistry, and one night late, after the family had gone to bed, he swallowed a large quantity of corrosive sublimate in mistake for some acid cooling powder. He immediately discovered his mistake and knew that death must shortly ensue unless he instantly swallowed the only antidote, chalk.

Timid men would have torn at the bell, roused all the family and sent for a stomach pump. Emmet called no one, made no noise, but, stealing down stairs and unlocking the front door, went into the stable, scraped some chalk which he knew to be there and took sufficient doses of it to neutralize the poison.—New York World.

It Hurt Him.

An officer on Fulton street, Brooklyn, stopped a man who was shaking his head and fist as he walked along, and asked the cause of his excitement. "Why, a fellow back there took me for a fool!" was the forcible reply. "How?"

"Why, he offered to lick me for two cents, and the only money I have is a twenty dollar bill! Does he think I'm fool enough to run all over town to get that changed to give him two cents!"—New York World.

A Hopeless Case.

Father—What's the matter now? Small Son—Boo, hoo! Smiley Groogan licked me.

Father—See here, this is the third time you've been licked within a week. How do you expect to exercise the inherent prerogative of every free born American citizen when you grow up and vote as the dickens of your conscience and manhood of your best judgment suggest, if you can't fight better than that?—Good News.

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